

# THE LIGUORIAN



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### A TESTIMONIAL

"I eagerly renew my subscription to the Liguorian for 1927 as I do not wish to miss the high type of literary and interesting papers which appear in this magazine. May you successfully continue its publication for innumerable years to come."—New Orleans.

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 2

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## After Communion

Far richer now am I than wealthiest of earth,  
Far nobler now than those who boast of royal birth,  
By far more blessed than those, who drink with eager hearts  
At pleasure's fountains set in gaily lighted marts:  
For Thou, O Lord, art mine.

How holy are the altar vessels, all of gold,  
Which Thy most holy Self, in mystery present, hold!  
Yet now, my lowly heart, that throbs with thought and love,  
A living chalice, holds the holiest treasure trove:  
For Thou, great Lord, art there.

If soot I cannot touch without the telltale stains;  
If roses' scent on clothes of passers-by remains;  
Must not the fragrance of Thy presence in my heart  
To all my thoughts and loves a sweetness rare impart?  
For Thou art with me, Lord.

Where every thought of mine its hidden well-spring finds,  
Where all desires rise, like morning's gentle winds,  
Where coral-like are built, ideals low or high  
By which to earth I'm bent, or lifted to the sky,  
There, Jesus, dost Thou dwell.

Blind eyes Thou didst but touch, and lo! they gleam with sight;  
Lame limbs, beneath Thy hand, grew strong to walk aright;  
Thou didst but speak a word, and pale cheeks once more glow:  
Oh, touch my heart, my mind,—and Thy sweet power show,  
And make me live by Thee.

Before Thy altar throne e'er gleams a ruddy light  
To tell us Thou art there, through hours of day and night;  
So may, till set of sun, all that I do or say  
Be a tabernacle light, Thy presence to betray  
In the chapel of my heart.

*Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.*

## Father Tim Casey

### TAKING NO CHANCES

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Catching sight of the well-known form of his pastor, Leo Marvin hurried to overtake him.

"Father Tim," he said, as the two walked on together, "name your favorite cut of venison, and it will be in your ice box before Saturday night."

"Fortunate man," returned the priest. "Has some one sent you a deer?"

"I'll say so," he enthused. "Providence has sent me a deer—a fine fat buck. He is waiting for me right now in the thick woods around the upper lake. I have spoken for two days off next week to go up with my trusty rifle and get him."

"But, Leo, a two days' hunting trip next week will spoil your mission. You know the men's mission begins tomorrow."

"Father, I hadn't planned on making the mission this time. You will be having another after three or four years. I will make that."

The priest's next question was disconcerting.

"Leo, when do you plan to die?"

"A long, long way in the misty future, if I have my say about it. Unfortunately, I am not going to be consulted on the matter. Why?"

"Because you spoke so confidently of making the mission three or four years from now instead of the present one, it seemed that you had an understanding with Almighty God that you are going to live until then."

"I surely hope to live until then—and a great while longer."

"But you are not certain that you will?"

"Of course not. Say, Father Tim, this talk is getting spooky; can't we change over to morgues or coffin plate or some other such cheerful topic?"

"Then"—the priest seemed to be afflicted with temporary deafness—"since you are not absolutely certain that you will be alive at the time we have our next mission, you must make this one."

"Why?"

"Because you can't play fast and loose with your eternal salvation. You can't take chances on losing your soul."



"Am I such a reprobate—a cut-throat or a bank robber?"

"No, not so far as I know. But you are a living human being."

"Father Tim, I admit the allegation."

"Every living human being is in danger of dying with his soul stained with guilt and his sins unforgiven and, consequently, of being damned forever."

"By God's mercy, I hope for a better fate."

"No, you don't."

"Don't what, Father?"

"You don't hope. That is not hope—it is presumption."

"I don't understand."

"Hope," explained the priest, "is a firm conviction that God will, through the merits of Jesus Christ, give you all the help necessary to repent of your sins, obtain pardon, lead a good life, and get to heaven. Presumption, on the other hand, is a rash expectation of salvation, without making use of the means necessary to attain it."

"I faintly recollect learning those definitions in the catechism when I was a boy—though I am sure I had not the slightest idea of their meaning."

"Have you now?"

"Father Tim," he pleaded, "for the love of Mike, have a heart."

"Presumption," the priest continued relentlessly, "is a rash expectation of salvation"—then, pausing after each word—"without-making-use-of-the-means-necessary-to-obtain-it. Can you conceive any idea of the meaning of that definition?"

"I believe I can."

"So, there you are."

"Where am I?"

"In presumption."

"Wait a minute. I do expect salvation. But if I make use of the necessary means, it is not a rash expectation. Don't you think I do?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You, yourself, have just told me that you are fully decided to reject the extraordinary means of the mission."

"But if I make good use of the ordinary means, is that not enough to vindicate me of the charge of presumption?"

"If you do! Which is not likely."

"Why not? I say my prayers. I generally go—"

"If you do not hear God's extraordinary call, it is not likely that you will hear His ordinary calls. The man too deaf to catch the roar of a fog horn, will scarcely perceive the buzz of a humming bird."

"I know," said the young man, "that a mission is a good opportunity to listen to some stirring sermons and go to Confession, but why insist that it is an extraordinary call from God? Isn't that just a little propaganda on the part of these holy men to get the crowd?"

"Leo, you have the faith; therefore you believe that the Pope is the representative of Christ on earth—that the bishop is a successor of the Apostles, ordained to rule the Church of God—that the pastor is charged with the care of your immortal soul. You believe all that?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, the Pope has given express orders that every parish have, at stated times, an extraordinary course of exercises, called a mission. Just make a note of Canon, No. 1349, and when you get hold of the Code, or book of Church laws, look it up, and see for yourself. Your pastor has invited the missionaries to come and conduct this mission for the purpose of arousing your soul. Your bishop has given them authority and faculties to prosecute the work. Surely that is enough to show that the mission is a call from God. If you want further proof, I might add that the missionaries belong to a religious order approved by the Church for the giving of missions, that they come, not at their own whim or fancy, but because they are sent by the superiors to whom they have vowed obedience, as to the representatives of God. What more could you ask? A vision from heaven would not give you more certain proof that this extraordinary course of exercises, which we call a mission, is a call from God."

"Why does God send this extraordinary call?"

"Because you need it. Everybody needs it. Most men would die in sin and be lost if God did not send them sometimes in their life an extraordinary call to wake them up, to make them think, to make them fear, to make them hope, to make them pray. And God, in His mercy, does send this extraordinary call to every man."

"Surely, Father, there are many men who never have a chance to make a mission."

"A mission is not the only way. Just as God sends the extraordinary call to you by means of the mission, He sends it to others by means of

a great danger which they barely escaped, the sudden death of an intimate friend, a heavy cross, a bitter disappointment. No matter in what form it comes, it is a dangerous thing to turn a deaf ear to God's extraordinary call. You remember your Bible History?"

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. However, you might try me out on a question or two."

"What does it say of Noah building the ark?"

"Ah, I have not forgotten that one. It says every blow of the hammer was like the voice of God calling those rascals to repentance."

"You see," said the priest, "that was an extraordinary call from God. For them, it was the last. They refused to heed it. The deluge came. They were cut off in the midst of their sins—their bodies destroyed and their souls buried in hell. Then, again, you remember the Prophet Jonas at Nineveh."

"When the whale swallowed him?"

"I do not refer to that; I refer to the time when he was sent to preach a mission to the inhabitants of Nineveh. They had grown so depraved that God felt constrained to destroy their city and everybody in it. But he gave them one last chance—one more extraordinary call. He sent the Prophet to preach to them. They listened, and their listening proved their salvation. God spared them because they heeded His extraordinary call."

"Oh, yes, I remember. They made even the beasts do penance."

"In the New Testament we read how Our Lord sent out the Apostles to give missions. Evidently He did not count it a matter of little importance whether the people made the mission or not, for He said: 'And whosoever will not receive you nor hear your words, going forth from that house or city, shake off the dust from your feet. Amen I say to you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city.' Eh, Leo, isn't that putting the matter pretty clearly?"

"Straight from the shoulder," assented Marvin.

"You know what kind of people lived in Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"A rotten lot—so rotten that God had to send down fire and brimstone from heaven and wipe them off the face of the earth."

"You wouldn't care to find yourself lined up with them on the day of judgment?"

"I'll say I wouldn't."

"Yet Our Lord says the individual, the family, the city, that will not listen to His Apostolic ministers, will be found in a worse state on the day of judgment than even the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Why, Father, who ever heard that it is a greater sin to neglect a mission than to commit the repulsive abominations committed in Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"In itself," replied the priest, "it is no sin at all to neglect a mission, but the man who is so indifferent about his soul as to reject the extraordinary call of the mission, will reject the ordinary, daily calls of God, and so will fall into abominable sins. He will not have even the partial excuse of ignorance of the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, for he willfully rejects the knowledge and the help which God offers him through the holy mission. His damnation will be due to his sins, but his sins will be due to the fact that he rejected the means placed at his disposal by a merciful God."

"Father Tim, I had never looked upon a mission as such a serious affair."

"I felt sure you had not; otherwise you would not have said you were planning to neglect the mission."

"I suppose I can manage it, though. The hunting trip will last only two days. I can attend the sermon every other evening except those two."

"Leo, Leo, even after all my talking you have not got this thing straight at all."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"You speak as though making a mission simply consists in listening to a few evening sermons. That is absolutely erroneous. A mission is a sacred time—a time of special grace—a time of prayer and study and thought. You can no more go off on a fishing trip and say you have made the mission than you can drop out a couple of scholastic years and say you have made a college course."

"What else is one supposed to do except listen to the sermons?"

"First, you must regard the matter with the seriousness it deserves. It is a question of making secure the salvation of your immortal soul. Second, you must so adjust your business and social affairs as to give yourself as much time as possible for earnest and undisturbed thought. Third, you must try to pray day and night during the holy mission as

you never prayed in your life before. The success of the mission depends upon God's grace, and the measure of God's grace depends absolutely upon how earnestly and insistently you ask for it. Fourth, you must turn in upon your soul, upon your conscience, the strong white light of honest self-examination. In view of what this self-examination reveals, you must make a sincere Confession, map out in detail your line of conduct for the future, and form manly resolutions to use the definite means necessary to keep you on the straight and narrow way that leads to eternal life."

"Then," said the young man, "the sermons of the missionary do not constitute the mission."

"Certainly not. It is you that is making the mission, not the missionary. He can indeed help you. By means of his sermons he shows you how to make it. His sermons are most carefully prepared to lead you on step by step through these exercises of such untold importance to your soul. One week is by no means enough to expound the sacred truths that should be presented for your consideration. But one week is all he has. And so he must condense many and weighty thoughts into every sermon. If you miss a part of one talk, you risk breaking the continuous chain which runs through the whole course of closely-knit sermons. If you miss two or three sermons, you positively spoil the mission. And, mark well, I am not speaking only of evening sermons. In a mission, there are two distinct courses of sermons, the evening sermons and the morning sermons. The morning course is so timed that even those who must go early to work, can come first and hear the sermon. The morning sermons address the intellect; the evening sermons appeal to the will. The morning sermons tell you what you must believe; the evening sermons tell you what you must do. The morning sermons furnish the light; the evening sermons supply the power, needed to walk along the way that leads to eternal life."

"Well, for—" ejaculated Marvin, "and some of these dumb Doras were telling me that a mission is fun."

"It may be fun for such as look upon it as a pious substitute for the movie or the dance. For those that look upon it as God looks upon it, a mission is a season of solemn contact between the soul and its God; it is an outstanding milestone marking a decided advance upon the way of salvation."

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That evening, while Leo Marvin wrapped up his rifle and ruefully packed it away in the bottom of the chest, he tried to console himself by repeating that there wasn't "one chance in a hundred of sighting a deer at this time of the year anyway."

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### ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

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St. Paul archdiocese has just initiated a new development in its educational system. It is called the St. Paul Diocesan Normal Institute. It occupies the former James J. Hill mansion, which the daughters of the deceased railroad magnate, the man known as the Empire Builder, donated.

Three hundred Sisters attended the opening session and two hundred and fifty registered at once for the whole course. Lectures on teaching methods and aims are to be given every Saturday for the Sisters, and the Institute is to be affiliated with other colleges empowered to give degrees.

Archbishop Dowling, in the inaugural address, explained that the present lectures are experimental, looking to the day when a fully equipped and staffed institute must be available "to relieve the Sisters from the burden and pressure of vacation work to which they go after months of heavy work in the class room."

The building was turned over to the Archdiocese, he declared, with the suggestion that it might be adapted to the use of the teaching Sisters, and "so we find ourselves, therefore, in this splendid mansion that represents the achievement of the Empire Builder of yesterday, now placed at the disposal of our Sisters, the empire builders of today."

The Archbishop further said:

"We are beginning today in a very modest way a work of Christian education which, please God, in the years to come will be indefinitely extended. It is our hope to examine and to study with all the resources and experience that we can command, the whole field of religious education. This should be our contribution to the science of general education which in our day is the most popular and the most generously supported of all sciences."

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"Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life gives ease to the mind, and a pure conscience affords great confidence towards God."

—*Imit.*

## And Now They Whisper Saint

### Chap. III WHAT THE REPORTERS NEVER REPORT

C.Ss.R.

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:  
Each minute teems a new one.—*Shakespeare.*

Time was when a hero had an age to shine in. Now he fights for an edition.

You gulp down your breakfast, snatch up your paper (there goes a spoon on the floor), run for your train. Once aboard you snap open the paper and glare at the headlines—glare, because that scalding coffee took you unawares. And sure enough, there they are. In the headlines—proudly pedestalled above closely printed columns. Yesterday it was the Arctic Explorer—waving his hand at the last outpost of civilization as he gayly climbed into the cockpit of his plane. Today it is a scientific expedition just back from darkest Africa. Tomorrow it will be the plucky wireless operator who hammered at his key all through the stormy night till his call was heard and help rushed to his disabled ship.

He is a gallant lad, a hero, this wireless operator. So is your Arctic Explorer, your daring scientist. We do not decry them; we do not disparage them. The world does well when she pins her ribbon on their breasts. All we say is, there are other heroes. And greater. Heroes who do not know what an interview means; who never smiled for a battery of clicking cameras; who had no bright star of fame to lure them on, nor the stress of excitement to carry them over a brief period of peril. Grim heroes to a duty that was dull.

They are—many. Draw up your own list. Plodding fathers, patient wives, mothers who wear themselves away—all these, of course, will be there. But don't forget—the foreign missionary; and of all foreign missionaries, don't forget John Nepomucene Neumann.

Bohemia offered him a brilliant future; America offered only obscurity. He chose America. That's the bare fact. But Lord deliver us from bare facts! Circumstances, causes, motives—those are the things that grip. Good enough. Judas-like, Neumann's Diary is at hand to betray its master. And the pages whisper in our ear that John Neumann actually craved, yearned, burned for fame! And yet with



a fine inconsistency this man buries himself in a foreign continent, where fame can never find him. The next time you hear of a missionary sailing for strange shores, don't imagine him a wooden recluse; just think how a longing for fame once was on fire within him, and how he stamped it out for love of the humble Christ.

One of the extremely unpleasant details of exiling yourself to a distant land is leaving your own. Another, every bit as distasteful, is saying good-bye to your family. Now Neumann loved his dear old parents and his brothers and sisters with all the wild throbbing ardor of a warm Bohemian heart—and still we find him slipping out of his home one dark morning—never to return. Without a last tender farewell, without gathering up his mother into his trembling arms and crushing her to his heart; without grasping his father's strong, manly hand and patting him comfortingly on the shoulder—without a last long look at the dear old homestead—without hinting as he sat down to breakfast that fated morning that his chair would be vacant ever more—he quietly passed out the door and strode away on the wide road to Budweis and the world. This is cold, you say, and inhuman, and unnatural, and worthy of a man with a marble heart. Ah, no—Neumann's was a flaming heart—a heart that loved so much it could not say farewell—and go. More than once he had fallen into a chair trembling all over, and burst into hot tears at the thought of parting. Is this your inhuman saint with eyes of iron, and a lump of bronze for a heart? Neumann was so weak, so consolingly human that he couldn't look into his mother's brimming eyes and press to his breast her broken heart—and find it in him to march away. A sad farewell, he felt, would be only thrusting the white-hot iron into his parents' soul, and since he was unwilling to put them to the torture, he slipped away when there was none to see and none to grieve.

Of course, he had pleadingly asked their leave to answer the call of far-off America. His mother had acquiesced as readily as a mother can—which means that she sobbed till her eyes were red and her cheeks wet, and when she offered her boy to God the victim was sprinkled with the blood of a brave but bleeding heart. And his father—to him Neumann had intimated his purpose while they sat over their coffee one rumbling summer night. At the first word his father had staggered to his feet, drawn himself to his full height, thundered out—"What! America!"—gazed down on his son with staring eyes and clenched fists



—and then suddenly relaxed, sank into his chair limp and dazed—but conquered—for the hearts of men are in the hands of God.

So Neumann left home. And now, some months later, we find him standing dejectedly on a quay at Havre, with the Atlantic hissing at his feet. Columbus is often pictured sitting on just such a pier, gazing wistfully on the sea and wondering when he would guide his ship straight on toward the setting sun. There is something of a parallel in the histories of Neumann and Columbus. Calamitous head-shakings, grim opposition, mocking laughter had been the daily bread of both. It had taken persistent pleading with the Bishop to wring from him his reluctant and grudging permission for Neumann to leave Bohemia. For months the government refused a passport. Passage-money had been obtained only by begging from priest to priest. This was the farewell banquet of Europe to a man who was giving his life to the noblest cause in the world; who was voluntarily exiling himself from his native hills for a hard life on a foreign strand; a man who sought not the gold of America's mines, nor the wealth of her broad and fruitful acres, nor a prominent office in her young government—but merely the good of her people, the salvation of her many souls.

Did America open wide her arms to receive him—this learned, zealous, self-sacrificing apostle? Two dioceses coldly refused him; none seemed anxious to receive him. Even Philadelphia—Philadelphia for whom he was to do so much, yea in whose service he was to die—even she indifferently shut her doors in his face. Later on when he was Bishop and wore a pectoral cross, he might enter and be welcome—but not now—why now he was not even a priest! Like the Christ for whom there was no room in the inn and who came unto His own and His own received him not, Neumann must enter upon his field of labor uninvited, hardly tolerated, almost discouraged. He must work for America despite herself.

New York—his last appeal for admission into a diocese had been directed there. Remember this was the New York of all most a century ago. In the days when hitching posts pointed up at convenient intervals along Broadway. (Try to tell a New Yorker that!) In the days before New York meant towering skyscrapers, roaring subways, tabloid picture-papers. (We thought we had gone low enough when we mentioned subways; then we thought of the tabloids.) In the days when His Majesty, Manhattan, iron-crowned, steel-sceptered King of the

East, was just shaking off his swaddling clothes. In short, when conservative financiers were just beginning to admit that after all old Knickerbocker might have got a good thing for his \$24 in glass beads and wampum.

It was to this New York of the middle thirties, or rather to Bishop Dubois, its chief Pastor, that Neumann had addressed his final plea for admission into a diocese. But the days flashed by like telegraph poles from an express train's window—and still no answer. Well, he would cross the sea. He would set foot in this great land of the West. He would lay his talents and his zeal at the foot of bishop after bishop. If they all refused him, if they all were sorry they could not use a man whose uppermost thought was to wear himself away in saving souls—well, there was the contemplative life left. High up on some mountain-side, far from the paths of the rushing world, he would build himself a hermitage, and spend his days in penance and prayer for those who would neither pray nor do penance for themselves.

Thus he resolved—and once resolved, acted. Napoleon, they tell us, would spend day after day over his maps, planning his attack. But the moment his maps were rolled up, he was in the saddle, impatiently waiting his staff. Neumann was woven of similar fabric. Reflection, decision, action. The first vessel out of Havre was the good ship *Europa*; and when she stood out to sea on the twentieth of April, 1836, with a noonday sun glinting on her canvas and twin plumes of foam curling gracefully from her prow, Neumann stood on the deck watching the fascinating water swim past his feet. Lonely? As lonely as a lighthouse in a waste of waters. Homesick? When he saw the green shores of France draw back from the sea, his heart suddenly became lead; something climbed into his throat and stuck there; and some glistening drops that were not spray fell into the swirling wake. No one noticed him; no one spoke to him; or, if they did, it was only to fling a bigoted jeer.

Nineteen years later—nineteen years later it was to be different. Then he would stand by the ship's rail, the Bishop of America's largest diocese. Then he would be noticed, and pointed out, and respectfully addressed. Then he would—but all that is still in the land of suns unrisen. It is all around the bend in the road.

Down in the log of the *Europa*, scrawled in wild, staggering letters that must have been traced while the rolling ship was "boring the moon

with her mainmast," you will read that this particular crossing occupied forty days. Forty days from the time the gangplank was raised till it was lowered! Why a forty-day voyage on the ocean today (when Europe seems only a week's excursion) would entitle a man to puff at his pipe and spin out his yarns like a grizzled old sea captain, for the rest of his land-lubber days. Neumann's forty days were spent on a sailing ship—and if there is anything that is the plaything of the gods it is a sailing ship at sea. Today a brisk wind fills the snowy sails and the vessel flies on with spread wings like a living, joyful thing. Night, and an iceberg passes—a jagged mountain of frosty ice, slipping silently by in the starlight like the ghost of a lost galleon. Morning, and the streamers of the dawn spread out like the crimson ribs of an opening fan. Nary a breeze might blow that whole day long, and for all it moved in the breathless calm the ship might have been a toy that a child had set on the ocean's floor and then heedlessly romped away. With the darkness might come the storm—when the ocean, weary of being man's beast of burden, rises up in its wrath to shake off the ship, as a great monster of the deep might throw off a resting gull.

On one such night the rain swept down in cataracts. Thunder, rolling and swelling like a mighty organ. White lightning hissing into the black waters. Hatches battened down. Every passenger below—huddled in the hold—every one but Neumann. (By the way, don't you think it took nerve to stay out there? Who said saints are pious plaster? They are men—plucky, courageous, gritty men, with a stiffer jaw than most people think. No cry-baby, weakling, quitter ever yet made his letter in Sanctity.) When all Neumann's fellow passengers were more than content to plead with God's mercy, Neumann, out there in the storm, was inclined to admire His power. It was the Franciscan love of Nature and Nature's God—the fearless friendliness of the saints. The wind was whistling wildly through the cordage like a passionate hand sweeping a resonant harp; the vessel reared and tossed like a savage steed. Now she was climbing a watery hill with a wall of dark, glassy water bearing down on her prow, washing over her deck; for one sickening moment she reeled on the dizzy mountain-top, and in the next plunged headlong into an ocean crater—only to dip up again and start climbing the next foamy crest. Neumann clung to the base of a mast—and watched it all by the glare of the lightning flashes.

Then something happened. A voice in his inmost being spoke out

a sharp command. Without knowing why, Neumann leaped aside. Crash! A sailyard came thundering down on the very spot he had just left. He heard the splinters flying past him. If he hadn't moved the yard would have killed him outright. And the inner voice—what of that? Some, we know, will dismiss it with a scornful "Imagination!" Others will settle it quite scientifically with an impressive "Instinct, my dear Watson, *pure* instinct." We do not argue the point; but for ourselves, it is our simple and frank conviction that it was the Voice of God. Neumann's hour was not yet come; he was still to do many things for his Father in heaven. Already that Father's arm was stretched over him in paternal protection.

On the evening of Trinity Sunday, while the mellow church bells of Brooklyn were calling the faithful to Vespers, the Europa sailed proudly through the Narrows, where today the twin forts of Hamilton and Wadsworth scowl from either bank. Not many days later our young cleric was kneeling to kiss the ring of Bishop Dubois of New York. At the feet of this prelate Neumann laid his sword, and begged the venerable old man in purple to find him a sector in his far-flung battle-line where he might fight for "the great Captain Christ." The Bishop blessed him kindly, smiled at his youthful ardor, graciously raised him up, and said that far out in the western extremity of his diocese, within the very roar of Niagara Falls, lay a German settlement. There was dire need of a German-speaking priest. Within a month he would ordain Neumann himself and then the young priest might go to this wilderness. Would these arrangements satisfy? Would they satisfy! No Cardinal ever received his Red Hat with more joy than this humble cleric received his poor, forlorn parish. The ensuing month he spent—not in the prayerful silence of retreat as he himself would have wished—but in preparing thirty little children for First Holy Communion, as the Bishop had requested.

Then, the First Mass. Lights, flowers, incense; pealing organ, solemn chant; swinging censers, altar boys in white. The young priest, the circlet of bread, the trembling whisper, the tinkling bell, and—*God!* Then the walking on air to the communion rail where he enshrined that God in the purest tabernacles under the shining stars—the hearts of little children. Thirty of them; the thirty that he had instructed himself. To think that so much heaven could be crammed into one man's heart. \* \* \*

This chapter opened with Neumann in the Old World; as it draws to a close he is in the New. Between the first sentence and the last rolls the broad, heaving Atlantic.

But that's only a baby's tiny step compared to another span. John Neumann, Man, has become John Neumann, *Priest*—and a hundred thousand Atlantics can never fill the gap between.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### SUPERFICIALITY AND REALITY

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People who do no deep thinking on any subject, says the Catholic Mirror very wisely, are often quick to give an opinion on any subject. An instance of this is found in the patronizing remark of a liberal Gentile to a famous Chicago Rabbi:

"I believe in the marriage of Jews and Gentiles. It destroys racial prejudices."

"Yes," was the thoughtful reply of the Rabbi, "and it also destroys the Jew."

He knew from study and experience that such a mixed marriage makes the Jew indifferent, if not renegade to his religious convictions. He knew that if the Jew wished to practice his religious beliefs, the clash with the views of the Gentile life-partner would, in most cases, be inevitable, and that that clash leads to endless squabbling, and often ends in the divorce court.

"Mixed marriages destroy racial prejudices." The Catholic priest sadly replies: "Yes, and they destroy the Catholic." The Protestant minister replies: "Yes, and they destroy the Protestant."

They bring the bitterest of all controversy, religious controversy, into the inner family circle, and soon the weary members want "peace at any price." The price is silence about religion, which leads only frequently to the relegation of open practices to privacy—underestimation of practices—and abandonment altogether.

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Said St. Therese of the Child Jesus, the Little Flower: "Sometimes I find myself saying to the Holy Virgin: 'Do you know, oh cherished Mother, that I think myself more fortunate than you? I have you for Mother and you have not like me the Blessed Virgin to love....'"

## An Unsung Hero

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its beauty on the desert air."—Gray.

In our time and age the Daily Newspapers have a knack of holding the attention of the multitudes as never before. Yet, how they cater to the depraved tastes of the multitude! Three-inch type will herald the death of a Valentino; his erstwhile love affairs; his famed beauty on the screen. Likewise this style of type will tell us of all the intrigues of sinful love affairs which have ended in the usual way: murder of the parties concerned by unknown assassins. But the stories of heroism and self-sacrifice are relegated to the second page or a page even farther back, and are printed in smaller type than even the ordinary, so-called news item.

We have no quarrel with the Daily Papers of the country. They alone are not to shoulder the whole burden of this depraved taste in reading; for, they only give to their readers what these same readers demand. It is the readers who must shoulder the bigger part of the blame for our sensational, passion-stirring news. Shallow-minded, and, therefore, too indolent to inquire for itself—mentally mediocre, and, therefore, looking for the sensational—ignorant, yet eager for knowledge of a salacious kind, our people are ever on the alert for the sensational scare-lines which pander to their depraved taste. The "Extras" are popular just because they are sensational.

Yet, the heroes among men remain unsung. A fireman, many firemen crushed by a falling wall, are merely doing their duty; a policeman, killed in protecting the citizenry which he has sworn to protect, is unsung—he has merely done his duty. A doctor, sacrificing his life in order to save that of another, is unsung—for doing his duty. A scientist, making the supreme sacrifice that men might profit in their campaign against disease and pestilence, must not be praised for it—since he has only done his duty. "Strange times, strange manners!"

One of these unsung heroes was a certain Doctor Menard, of Paris. At the early age of twenty-two he began to experiment with the famous Roentgen or X-Rays. Many and wonderful were the cures he effected through their use in given cases. He became one of those real benefactors of mankind who are seldom acclaimed for what they are worth.

It is well known that these X-Rays are dangerous as well as beneficial. And in those early days of experiments the Doctor was less protected than his patient. Small wonder, then, that after fifteen years this Doctor began to be a victim of his own "wonder curative." In 1895 he began his experiments. In 1910 he had to allow the amputation of a finger, the consequence of over-exposure to the Rays. And from 1910 on, he had to undergo the pain of amputation annually and oftener till at last there remained not a finger on either hand. The consequences of exposure to the Rays seem to be a sort of cancer—or something similar—with all the consequent pains and sufferings.

But even in 1910, though handicapped by the loss of the first finger, he managed to publish a work in which he outlines plainly and with certainty the dangers as well as the benefits of these same Rays. And even then, he does not account his life-work complete.

Here is, in short, the history of his subsequent work for his fellow-men. During the World War, in spite of his mutilation, he was director of thirty Radiological ambulances. Day and night he is at one or other of these institutions and his daily labors usually mounted to the astounding number of ninety, even a hundred Radioscopes or pictures of fractures and wounds. He knew that he was in danger from these rays all along, yet his interest in mankind never grew less: he kept on with his work. From his hands the malady goes to the face; the continued exposure to the Rays was indeed aggravating. Finally even the brain was attacked—yet he continued his researches. In 1925 one eye had to be removed and for long months he was confined to a dark room for fear that the other eye would also be lost. And during these months of inactivity, when he was not even allowed to read, he cheerfully tells his interviewers: "You ask, how I pass the time? Well, I am incessantly thinking of my work and of the new experiments I will make when I am again on my feet." "Are you not discouraged?" asks a friend one day. "No," the sturdy physician replies—but by pencil and paper, for even to speak causes excruciating pain; it is almost impossible to utter a sound.

He really takes up his work again. Though his face is but one large and open wound, though his limbs are almost totally paralyzed—he works on, this valiant friend of mankind.

We subjoin his diary of the last few days of his life. Thursday, June 29, 1926. "My entire right side is paralyzed." "I have examined the wound in my head with the speculum and the probe."



Sunday, August 1, 1926. "I have a cancer patient to examine."  
(And the examination took place.)

Monday, August 2. He notices that there is a constant flow of mucous from the nasal passages. "It is the end," he remarks to a friend. "That flow from the nasal passages is not mucous; it is brain matter."

For three days longer they managed to keep him alive by means of camphor-injections. On August 7th, 1926, he passed away; a real martyr to science.

Did we in America have time to read about his passing? Hardly. At this same time we had all the papers recounting the illness of Rudolpho Valentino—who did nothing for mankind that was really worth while—the progress of the illness and the final end of the erstwhile hero of the silver screen! That was paramount as news. Likewise we had heralded through the length and breadth of the land the spectacular feat of a woman swimming the English Channel. This, too, must be the mental food of the multitude. Such sensational stuff must be furnished by the Dailies and woe to them if they cannot supply it!

And the heroes of science for the betterment of man's physical well-being must be like the "gem of purest ray serene" hidden in oblivion; like "the flower born to blush unseen"; but, thank God, they are not wasting their achievements on the "desert air."—*From the C. B. of C. V.*

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### HIS QUEEN

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St. Bernardine, whose feast is celebrated on the 20th of May, had the happiness to be born on the feast of Our Blessed Lady's own nativity. From childhood his love for our Blessed Mother was conspicuous. While still a young lad, he confided to his aunt that he was in love, and that the thought of his true love left him neither night or day. The good woman followed her nephew to his trysting place only to find him absorbed in prayer before an image of the Madonna. She it was who was the Queen of his pure heart.

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St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence in the fifteenth century, when dying kept repeating, "Holy and Immaculate Virginity, with what words to praise Thee, I know not."



## At The Front

### The Redemptorists Among the Ruthenians

#### A LETTER

Ever since the year 1913 Redemptorist Fathers of the Belgian Province are in the field as missionaries to the Ruthenians. These Fathers began the work in Canada—among the inhabitants of those vast western plains where workers in the vineyard of the Lord are few and far between and where distances are measured not by miles but by hundreds of miles—at the urgent request of the Bishop of Ruthenian Catholics in those vast regions. From that day to this they have labored in the difficult field and have even gone farther insofar as to establish—since the World War—houses in the country from whence these people come.

When we consider that the Fathers who labor among these people have to change from the Roman rite to that which is national to the Ruthenians we can get some idea that the work is not as easy as might seem. The mission-work in Galicia (former Austrian Poland) was established after the War—in 1919 to be precise. And to it have been given unstintingly the best of talent in the entire Province of Belgium. The work, like all work in the foreign missions, was difficult at first, but the Fathers are beginning to see the dawn of a better and brighter day. The subjoined letter will speak for itself.

Zboiska, December 25, 1925.

Reverend Father:

I am sorry not to have spoken to you as yet about our work in Galicia. A strange missionary! You will think, from my previous letters, that I can dwell only on war, cholera, microbes, Jews and policemen; and that about missions and conversions I am not interested.

True, all of it. However, I must now make amends by giving you a statement of some spiritual results.

We have been here in all about twelve years. During the first six years, we were, so to speak, like the seed rotting in the ground. That is, we did nothing and could do nothing except to burrow under ground, and for four years (the period of the World War), listen to the rumbling of guns overhead and of Austrian, German, Magyar, Russian

and Turkish troops marching back and forth. Then for two years more we listened to the Polish and Ukrainian troops and guns.

And after that? And after all that our little stem sprouted timidly through the soil, but by no merit of our own. God made it grow.

Six years ago, on leaving our first residence at Uniow, which did not belong to us—to make room for other priests poorer than ourselves—we were eight all told, and we moved into a small country-house at Zboiska, not knowing then if it were ours.

After six years we have three houses: Stanislaow, Holosko and Zboiska.

A large preparatory college has been opened in Zboiska, thanks to gifts from friends and benefactors in Belgium, Canada and the United States. This preparatory College is now full, with 70 students in the four High School classes.

From eight members we have increased to eighty, including 18 Fathers, 17 professed Students and 23 professed Lay-Brothers, besides Novices. There are seventy native Ukrainians.

Six years ago, there was no question of preaching, but merely of eking out an existence. Within the last four years, our little missionary band has been travelling over the three Greco-Catholic dioceses of Galicia and this year, 1925, has given its hundredth mission, exclusive of many retreats to religious, nuns, priests, seminarians, pupils in convents and colleges and children.

Our humble missionaries are wonderworkers indeed.

See them go off on a mission. They are welcome at the Rectory. The pastor gives them all the spare rooms. His wife is most attentive and the little ones are soon friends of the strangers. (N. B. Let it be remembered that the Greco-Catholic clergy is a married clergy—under certain conditions.)

But the Rectory is small—there is only one room for the three Fathers. They crowd in to spend the night as best they can.

"Provided the bed is decent," whispers the junior Father.

"What do you expect?" replies the head of the band, who has already grown white under the strain of years. "This is an old clay building and there are cracks in the floor. We shall no doubt have guests!"

(The "guests," dear Father, are those I promised never to mention.)

Indeed, the guests are seldom far away, big and little, quick and

slow, black and white. When they do come, they avail themselves of the opportunity to get into close touch with the newcomers.

Goob bye, sleep! Day is a deliverance. Night succeeds night with comfortless monotony, until the restless Father surrenders to his invisible foes.

This is not so bad after all. Sometimes, the missionary has to put up at a peasant hut, because the Rectory was destroyed during the war. The good people are so happy to receive the Fathers that they give them half their house: One room for all, ten feet square and six feet high!

The furniture is anything but luxurious.

There are no conveniences of any kind whatsoever. The only thing to do is to put up with conditions such as they are.

Thus safeguarded against luxury, they can proceed to open their campaign against sin.

When the church is far away and the mud lies a foot deep, going back and forth is no sport.

But how the fervor of the people, and their enthusiasm repay our sacrifices!

There never was such a mission, time out of mind. The poor Ruthenians congregate from miles around. Sometimes in a village of a thousand souls, the mission is attended by four or five thousand people, and from ten to fifteen thousand march in the Procession of the Cross. But the more people there are, the more strenuous the work. Sermons multiply and confessions go on to all hours.

Each mission lasts ten days at least. The missionaries return to their convent, take a bath, take two nights' rest and are off again. They have been leading this life for four years without interruption. They are the picture of health and would not exchange their missionary quarters for the White House.

Do you not think these men work wonders? They also make their congregations do the same.

When it rains, the mission runs the risk of being a failure. Outdoor preaching is out of the question; the roads are abominable; beautiful ceremonies, like the Procession of the Cross, must be omitted; or, the faithful from afar cannot find lodgings around the Church. Then what is to be done? Where everything is lacking, the only resource is to work a miracle.

The missionary sets his whole congregation to praying. All to-

gether, during the whole mission and before every service, they ask the Blessed Virgin to obtain fine weather for the mission, or a fine day for the Procession.

Thus the Blessed Virgin has to bring about a miracle.

It may rain all around the village, but not a drop falls where the mission is taking place, until the very last sermon is over. Then down comes a deluge.

Or else it may rain till the Procession of the Cross issues forth and begin to rain again at the very moment when it reenters the church.

If this happened only occasionally, it might be looked upon as a coincidence, but when the missionaries habitually command the weather they arouse feelings of awe.

In my next letter, I may perhaps refer again to the chapter of miracles, if I can do so without alarming the humility of the missionaries.

Your most humble servant and confrere,

Jos. Schrijvers, C. Ss. R.

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#### FINDING THE SOURCE

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Cecil Roberts, an English novelist, speaking before the women students of Goucher College, Baltimore, declared that the modern novel, "erotic," "risque," and "asterisque," is written by spinsters whose lives have been barren of romance. It tends to popularize divorce, he said, and advised embryo novelists in his audience to let the sex novel alone, and bend their efforts towards romance.

This may account for many sex novels. Perhaps the men who write similar stuff are similarly unfit for the task of preparing our country's reading. They want to spoil the world for everybody else, because they have bitten into Dead Sea apples.

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"He pleases the Father who loves His Daughter; he pleases the Son who loves His Mother; he pleases the Holy Ghost who loves His Spouse. Be devout, therefore, to Mary and thou shalt please the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."—*Canon Arvisenet*.

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Our own way of thinking often deceives us.

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"Without God no man understandeth, or judgeth rightly."

## Wisps of Wire

### A TRUE STORY OF THE COAL REGIONS

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

When the Bishop transferred Father Kinnally from Pennsylvania's largest industrial city to Shamokill, his brethren of the clergy predicted that Father Kinnally would die of inactivity. But they reckoned either without advertence to the character of Father George or knowledge of the problem Shamokill presented. The Bishop evidently knew his man and his diocese better than his clerics.

Father Kinnally had been a prominent figure in the life of the great city. In a busy parish, to which were attached also the chaplaincies of a large jail and a still larger hospital, he had sounded every depth of human misery and knew from active experience with his charges all the secrets of the underworld. For the underworld wasn't the underworld to Father George. Criminals were unfortunates—or at the worst stray sheep to him. So he loved them and his love earned their affection and their confidence. Only a curate had he been, but he rejoiced in the irresponsibility attributed to all curates, and had used this irresponsibility, so commonly adjudged the proper possession of a curate, as an excuse to rush in, where angel pastors ripe in wisdom feared to tread.

His Roman collar, surmounted by a ruddy cheerful countenance, was known alike to the judges in the court—the police in the station houses and to every member, if not to every haunt of those darksome regions of the great city, where police though not unknown never ventured alone.

Not alone with the criminal and the stricken in body was he acquainted. Priestly zeal had urged him to neglect no phase of priestly or social activity which could promote the welfare of any human being. He never walked the streets that he was not surrounded by a flock of eager children, each jealously protesting ownership of one of his fingers, since not all could grasp his hand. The young ladies adored him, though he kept them at a distance; the young men idolized him; and the fathers and mothers of the parish yielded that respectful love mingled with veneration, which characterized the fast vanishing generation in their dealings with the priest.

And now, despite his protests to the Bishop that he was willing to live as a curate in Saint Malachy's till the end of his days, he had been appointed pastor of St. Agnes, Shamokill, and perforce left his life of activity from dawn to daylight to go to a place where the arrival of the mail twice a day was the only break in the diuturnal monotony. Pastor was he and hence "master of all he surveyed," but then there was not much to survey apparently in the pastoral field of Shamokill. As one of the clergy, who knew Shamokill from the near distance, remarked: "Father George to Shamokill! Glory be to God, St. Malachy's made him a fat curate but St. Agnes will make him a lean pastor. And what is there in that place? His whole parish numbers not more than a thousand souls. And Heaven help him, what souls! Polish—flatheads (a name by which the Slav is generally known even to his father in Christ in Pennsylvania), and Italians form two-thirds of his thousand, and the honest Irish are as poor as church mice. Heaven help him, if the dullness of the place doesn't set him crazy, he will die of starvation!"

But the clerical friends of Father George had proven worse than mediocre prophets. Father George had not gone mad and his tailor could testify that he had not grown thin. In fact, he asserted despite the scoffing disbelief of his priestly friends in the city, whom he visited at rare intervals, that St. Agnes gave him more work than St. Malachy's had ever done. Perhaps that was because Father George had the knack of making work. They say of the hermits of olden days that they made the wilderness blossom forth in fruits and flowers. Father Kinnally certainly made Shamokill blossom and bring forth fruit so far as the temporal welfare of the church was concerned. The old wooden church soon gave way to a handsome and commodious brick structure. This was soon followed by a school and a worthy convent for the nuns, whom Father George succeeded in persuading to come to Shamokill to teach the cosmopolitan children of the miners and foundry workers who formed his parishioners. He was planning a parish auditorium and club house to follow these, but here his people rebelled. He tried to persuade them he was right but with characteristic stubbornness they sent a committee to wait on him. While the treasurer was Irish, the secretary Italian, the Slavs, as representing the majority of the parishioners, had made one of their number chairman and spokesman. His arguments were convincing, even if his language was not

according to the standards prescribed by the best English rhetoricians. Father Kinnally remembered that speech by heart and recited it to me the first time I met him. Incidentally in his simplicity, he failed to notice that it gave a very excellent idea of what made the people love him.

"Here's the speech," said Father George to me, as we were seated together after dinner one evening during the Mission I was preaching for him. "It was too good to lose, so as soon as the committee left the house I committed it to writing and learned it by heart later. To get the full value of it you will have to picture that committee of men from the mine and the foundry, especially their spokesman, divided between embarrassment and the sense of his own importance, as elected spokesman of the committee."

"Go ahead, let's have it," said I, settling back in my easy chair and preparing for a treat, for well I knew that no detail either of dialect or manner ever escaped the keenness of Father George in dealing with his people.

"All right, here goes," said Father George. "Forgive me if I cannot get the full effect of Steve's Slavonic English." I had no fear on that point, for I knew the Slavs and knew also that Father George was a perfect mimic of their broken English.

So he began: "Mister Catlic priest—dear fellow citizen Fadder Kinnally—Of dese comittees from de whole parish I am der big boss." Father Kinnally wiped imaginary perspiration from his brow in imitation of the abashed Slovak making his first English speech, while I howled in appreciation. Then he continued: "De reason for vy we come is dis. Tony here he is Italian—Pete him Polak—Pat him Irish—I Steve, me Slovak. You know dat. Why for we come. Listen Mister Fadder priest I tell right away quick. When you come first, Slavish people say, 'What for Bishop send once more one Irisher priest? Why for he no send Slavish priest or Polish priest or ginny priest?' But you come, yes. By golly pretty quick we see you are dam good man. We got fine church—we got good school—we got nice house for seester who teach our kids. For all dees ting we don't owe nobody even one cents. Now you want school hall and club house for us big peoples. No siree, Fadder! By golly we no do dat. Now vait—shoost one minutes Mr. Priest. We no stingy like Jews, you know dat? Yes. Vell vy ve not vant dese buildings. Vat kind house you got, huh?



You got house like stable—worse house as mule in mine has got. So peebles dey vote lass Sunday. No sir, ve no give money for cloob house. First you ketchem house of priest. You goot man—ve everyboddys like you helluva lot. You tink first everyboddys else—last time tink about you yourself. So we vote ve build house for you. Here is money—Pat you crazy Irish give Mister fadder priest the moneys for check what is in bank. Yessir Fadder Mr. Priest here is one tousand dollar vot we ketch from all peaples. Christmuss ketch one tousand dollar more. Goot bye—tank you verra mooch."

When my laughter had ceased over Father George's imitation of the heroic efforts of the spokesman to make a speech in English, I said to him: "Well done, Father; the imitation, I mean. But they are good hearted people just the same and they know when a priest is their friend."

"They certainly do and I love them," replied Father George. "That's why I learned enough of all their languages to hear their confessions and read the Gospel to them now and then in their own tongue on the great feasts. We are one great family now and have no national question."

"How do you find the younger generation?" I asked.

"Anxious to become real Americans and loyal Catholics," he replied. "Fortunately I still have enough wealthy friends left in the big city to be able to help a deserving boy through college, if he shows ambition and ability. I have been here ten years now and have several boys in the Seminary besides a half dozen embryo doctors and lawyers and dentists in the University, to say nothing of the lads who are taking technical training preparatory to obtaining worth while positions in the mines and mills."

"And have you no trouble?" I inquired.

"Oh! we had considerable, but most of it has blown over," he replied laughingly. "There are some radical atheists among the Slavs and we had quite a little difficulty, or rather were threatened by a great deal of difficulty with the Kluxers trying to scare the Slavs and Italians, but Steve Pacholik settled the radical question and Danny Dinaro's henchmen put the quietus on the Klan question."

"Sound like interesting stories," said I. "Let me have the stories, won't you, Father?"

"Well," said the good priest smiling, "I won't have time to tell you about Steve Pacholik just now—that is, if I expect you to do any work



on the mission tonight. I'll tell you about Danny and the Kluxers now and save the story about Steve until after confessions tonight. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly," I replied. "First of all, how on earth did an Italian ever become known as Danny?"

"Oh! that's his American name and he is proud of it," laughed Father George. "His real name is something like Donofrio Umberto Dinaro, and though he can scarcely write his own name, he is king of the Italians, not only in Shamokill, but throughout the entire section."

"Strange how such illiterate men obtain such influence over their fellow Italians, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Not so strange sometimes, when you know the reason," said Father George quietly. "In Danny's case he was the first of his race to settle in Shamokill. Went to work as a laborer in the foundry, saved his money and invested in real estate. Shrewd investors, those Italians. Soon he brought his friends and they were quickly followed by other Italians, mostly from the same section of Italy. Danny saw his opportunity and started a combined bank and grocery. You know the kind, characteristic of the mining regions until the State Banking Law killed many of them."

"Yes," said I, "the poor foreigners were often victimized."

"Not by men like Danny," said Father George. "He was shrewd but honest. Well, to make a long story short, Danny was the wealthiest man in town when the strike hit us, after a long siege of sickness and half time in the mines had stripped the people hereabouts down to the last penny. I tell you, Father dear, no one who has not lived in a mining town can realize what suffering a strike for their rights entails on the miners. That strike lasted over a year and believe me the poor Italians, and they were all poor, would have starved had it not been for Danny Dinaro."

"What did he do—collect for them?" I asked.

"No; he shouldered their whole burden himself," replied Father George. "He gave notice that any man regularly employed in the mines could have credit for himself and his family at Danny's store until the strike was settled. He kept his word and the limit for them, although for a time it looked as though he would be a bankrupt. He sold some of his property and mortgaged the rest just to tide the Italian people over their trouble. We won the strike and though it took Danny

two years to get back on his feet, he told me himself that not a single Italian failed to pay every cent of the debts against him on Danny's books. The Italians were grateful, and so what Danny says goes."

"But how about the Klan?" I asked eagerly.

"Well, you know the methods of those people," said Father Kinnally. "In our town they rented an abandoned non-Catholic church on Main Street and published in the local paper, run by a Kluxer, that they were not going to the bother of lighting wooden crosses on the hills—that beginning with a certain date, a fiery cross in electric lights would appear on the steeple of this church and burn every night as a warning to all who were not a hundred per cent American to leave Shamokill."

"And did they go through with it?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, they tried to," smiled Father George. "The first night the cross appeared, the whole town apparently was in the streets to see it. It burned about five minutes and went out. No one gave out the reason for the failure of the illumination. Next night they tried it again, with equally dismal failure. Then it leaked out that some miscreant had crippled the wiring with a rifle bullet and that the police were searching for the source of the shots. They let things lie for a week and suddenly without warning the cross was lit again one night. Then the populace, Klan and non-Klan, were treated to an exhibition of marksmanship. One by one the thirty-two lights which composed the cross were shattered and a sprinkle of glass showered down on the sidewalk. The Klansmen were frantic—searched in vain for the rifleman. Danny told me he had to pay the fellow two hundred dollars for his performance, and a hundred dollars went to gang leaders in Philadelphia, whose henchman this particular sharpshooter happened to be."

"Of course, a little thing like that didn't stop the Klan," I asserted, feeling that the story was not yet done.

"No; they tried several times to burn crosses on the hills, but Danny seemed to know just when these exploits were due and all the Klan got for its trouble was a sound beating administered to its agents by some of Danny's followers. Then to cap the climax, an open letter to the Klan in Luxor County appeared in the *County News*—a paper run by a pugnacious Irishman. The open letter served notice on the citizens of the county that the Klan would not be tolerated, that violence would be met with violence and asked every broad-minded citizen to avoid

trouble and kill the Klan by blacklisting the members of the Klan. A full list of officers and members of the Klan was appended. Of course, the Klansmen repudiated the list and threatened suit for libel and all sorts of other dire things. But, as the safe of the Kleagle was found robbed shortly afterward and the original lists were locked therein, the list was proved correct, especially since all the valuables taken from the safe were returned to the chief of police by parcel post from a distant city—the burglar merely stating that he kept the Klan list as a souvenir, though it corresponded exactly with the list that had been published in the *County News* and would be produced if needed. Need I tell you that Killed the Klan?"

"Wonderful! Sounds like Machiavellian diplomacy," I replied learnedly. "And now about Steve Pattottie or whatever you called him?" I asked.

"Steve Patcholik can wait till you finish your evening's work which begins in fifteen minutes," said Father George calmly.

"Heavens! I didn't dream it was so late," I exclaimed rushing upstairs to glance at my manuscript for the evening sermon.

I could hardly wait until confessions were over and Father George had locked the church until I besieged him with a request for the remainder of his story.

"I think I promised to tell you how Steve Pacholik settled the radicals, and I promise to make it as brief as possible," said Father George. "I can't afford to keep a missionary, who has to rise at four-thirty, out of bed."

"Go ahead and tell it if it takes all night," I urged. "I'll do without sleep if it is anything like Danny's dealings with the Klan."

"Well," began the good priest, "after the strike the victory we had won made some of the radicals, who are, to tell the truth, rather numerous, feel that now they could have things their own way. Some mighty unpleasant things had occurred during the strike and I must say the mine owners went to extremes in their efforts to provoke the miners to violence and thus turn public opinion against them. But the men, thank God, kept their heads."

"Thanks to your advice also," I interjected.

"Never mind that," said he. "Well, Steve Pacholik had managed to get into the State Constabulary by having a man take the examination in his place. Though he was able and a credit to the force, besides being of no small help to me and to his countrymen, he was

discharged because of his inability to write out his reports in English. All my influence was in vain to have him reappointed. The commandant in this section was adamant. To Steve's plea that his record was unblemished he received the reply that admitting this there were other men equally capable of doing as well as he had done and able besides to make out their own reports of what they had done. 'Go do something no other State constable is able to do and I'll reappoint you and give you a secretary to write out your reports,' said the commandant contemptuously to Steve. Poor Steve took this as a promise and waited eagerly for his opportunity."

"Why was he so anxious to be on the force?" I asked.

"Because," laughed Father George, "the girl he was engaged to refused to marry him unless he was a State cop. I really think she was teasing him, as they were not yet in a position to marry. To make matters worse, she began to go around now and then with Steve's hated rival, Andy Mishko, who having a High School education had secured poor Steve's place on the force. So Steve went back to the mines."

"But he is back on the force and married," I objected. "You introduced me to him and his wife last Sunday morning."

"Yes. It all turned out for the best and the radicals got him back his job. You see there is a lodge of them here. They had been open in their advocacy of violence during the strike but were too cowardly to practice what they preached. However, after the strike they proclaimed that the time of peace was the time to get rid of enemies. They asserted that they would begin soon. Probably the most severe man in his dealings with the strikers had been Stangman, chief owner of the largest of the twelve or more mines hereabout. Not only his own men had he persecuted but he went out of his way to make things hard for every miner who fell under his influence. He owned a string of houses numbering over a hundred, occupied by miners from various companies. During the winter of the strike he had every family evicted and a dozen or more poor families had to live in tents for a fortnight in the zero weather. This is only a small sample of his methods."

"Downright cruelty is what I'd call that," I rasped indignantly, "though barbarism might be a better word."

"You Easterners have no idea of what a strike means as I told

you earlier in the evening," said Father George. "Well, he was marked for death by the radicals. And they kept their threat, though it was individuals and not the society who did the deed."

"Did they shoot him down?" I asked.

"Oh no, they were more clever than that," said Father George. "Stangman always accompanied his paymaster to the bank on Saturdays and drove him out in his car to the mine which is about three-quarters of a mile from the outskirts."

"How do his men get to work?" I inquired.

"Most of them live in his shacks near the shafts," said Father George, "and the rest walk to and from work or ride in the tin can autos that many of them own. Both Stangman and his paymaster were always heavily armed and the money was in a small safe riveted to the rear of the car. One key to the safe was in the mine offices and another in the bank. So it would be useless apparently for anyone to attempt to get hold of the eight or ten thousand dollars which formed the payroll of Stangman's three hundred odd miners. But somebody was smarter than Stangman. One Saturday when he and the paymaster were half an hour late in appearing at the mine, the fire boss telephoned the bank and found out that the money and the two men had left more than an hour before and should have been at the mine on time. A party was sent out. They found the culvert over Black-Run destroyed—Stangman and White, his paymaster, blown to atoms and the wreck of the car with the safe blown into three pieces scattered about, as far as a hundred feet from the road."

"Someone certainly did a thorough job," said I.

"Almost too thorough," replied Father Kinnally, "whoever had done the thing had placed enough dynamite under that culvert to blow up a bridge ten times its size. However, not even a fragment of money was found and the satchel in which the cash reposed while in the safe was missing."

"Funny no one was attracted by the blast," said I, in supreme ignorance.

Father George laughed heartily. "Noise of the blast! Bless you, man—you could blow up the mountain over there and nobody would come to see what happened. Blasting is going on continually as you will remember if you recall your complaints about being unable to sleep on account of the terrific noise and detonations the first time you were here. Even you have gotten used to it."

"I plead guilty," said I, "of course, though, they caught the murderers?"

"Not for a long time," said Father George; "to tell the truth, nobody was sorry Stangman had been killed. Hence even if the miners knew who did it, they would hardly have told. State police and expert detectives swarmed all over the countryside. The radicals boasted that it was their work and others would soon meet the same fate. But a detective who joined them and wormed himself into their confidence soon saw that they knew nothing. There was absolutely no clue and though several suspects were arrested and held for a time there was no real evidence against them and they were dismissed. At first outsiders were kept off the vicinity of the crime, while sleuths tried to unearth a clue. Besides the spot in the clump of bushes where the murderers had hid and from where they fired their battery to explode the dynamite, nothing was found. The city experts and the State police alike admitted themselves baffled and sat down to wait, hoping chance would betray the criminals."

"But it did not," I asserted.

"No, it was Steve Pacholik, 'Dumb Steve' as the State cops called him, who finally solved the mystery, and on the slightest evidence certainly that was ever given a man to work on."

"How did he do it?" I asked.

"Seemed to make a fool out of himself at first," replied the pastor; "went to the headquarters of the police and said in his broken English: 'Now, Mister Chief, you got something no State cop can do, yes?' The commandant swore at him, but Steve persisted: 'Mebbe, yes,—I ketchum guys what do dis, you mebbe take me back?' The commandant laughed derisively and promised, and Steve went to work. With a magnifying glass he went over every inch of ground. Police and miners chaffed him unmercifully but Steve only grinned. 'Mebbe me ketchum two thousand dollar reward—me laugh—buy nice house and marry Sophie when me get dat money.' Finally they left him to himself. He had quit his job in the mine. Sophie was furious at this and even I remonstrated. 'Von veek more yet,' said Steve to me; 'I get mebbe what I look for—if no—all ride, Fadder Chorge, me go back to mine.' At the end of five days, he came up to me. 'All right, Fadder Chorge, me go back to mine.' I smiled, 'Then you didn't get what you were seeking?' I asked. 'Me tell priest all right,' said Steve,

'but, Fadder Chorge, I tell you but you keep shoost like I make confess, huh?' I assured him I would and he showed me a tiny piece of copper with two or three colored threads clinging to it. 'All same this wire hand somebodys,' said he solemnly. 'Wort two thousand dollar mebbe—and good job on State cops for Steve.' I admitted I failed to see how and he deigned to explain. 'Deese leedle piece of wire from wire what fire dynamite.' 'But what good is it?' I protested, 'every miner was at work or accounted for that day and besides the detectives found exactly the same kind of dynamite is used in every mine in the section.' He grinned, 'Dynamite all same kind, Fadder Chorge, for why? Mine boss buy wholesale from same company,—save money. Mebbe wire she no be all same. Me no know, mebbe find out. Now Steve him gotta ketch job in every mine. Fadder, me change job very often; you please tell my Sophie, Steve him no crazy.' I assured him I would do that and after pondering had to admit that there was something to his theory."

"Who would expect a stolid Slav to show such acumen?" I asked.

"Those who have never lived with them might not," replied the priest, "but their apparent stolidity is oftentimes deceptive. I think personally it arises from an inability to express themselves in English. I know they are quick to perceive the ludicrous, though they never laugh at it aloud. And the younger generation are walking off with the majority of prizes in my school."

"But did Steve solve the mystery?" I inquired to head off a eulogy of the Slovaks which I had heard often before from Father George who was their enthusiastic champion.

"Yes, of course you guessed he solved it," replied Father George. "To make a long story short and spare you as much as possible of Steve's English, I'll tell it to you in my own words. In the course of the two months following his discovery of the wisps of wire, he worked in nearly every mine in this section, during which time, as it afterwards developed, he collected the life history of every member of the radical lodge and wrote it down in Slovak. Then he settled down and remained in Stangman's mine for four months. I was getting impatient to hear if he had developed any worth while lead; but to all my inquiries he invariably replied: 'Pomalu-pomalu,' which is Slovak for 'take it easy, Father.' Then he would add 'Steve him wait till all fixed, by golly.' Finally, it was eight months after he had discovered



the clue, he called on me one night and asked me to help him find a good detective, who would write out his case for him in good English without trying to cheat the 'dumb Slavish man' by using the evidence Steve had gathered to apprehend the criminals and collect the reward. I obtained the help of Dick O'Malley for him. With the case written out, he came to me and asked me to go with him to the commandant of the State Constabulary to be a witness to any agreement he might succeed in making. At first they laughed at him, but my statement added to that of O'Malley that Steve had solved the case apparently won him a hearing. Stangman's lawyer on hearing the case, without further ado ordered the reward paid to Steve and his appointment to the force soon followed. They had to go to Croatia and extradite the murderers, but they brought them back and convicted them. Both went to the chair, acknowledging their crime. What Steve had gathered about the rest of the radicals made some of them leave the country and hushed the others forever. Of course he married Sophie. They are living happily together. Steve is stationed at Greenville and is a sergeant now. Thus ends my tale."

"Not by a jugful," I exclaimed indignantly. "How did Steve know who were the murderers? What did his clue avail him? How did the men appear to be in the mine and yet be a half mile away?"

"Wait a minute—pomalu-pomalu—slowly, slowly," said the good priest, laughing. "First of all he didn't know them, he ferreted them out. He worked in the various mines and found them all using the same kind of wire—different from that which he had found at the scene of the crime until he came to Stangman's. There he found that the men were charged excessive prices for powder, dynamite, fuses and other supplies, beyond a certain ration issued by the mine owners, and, that the men had the alternative of buying their own if they wished to do so. He found more than a hundred using the very same kind of wire of which he had found the wisps at the murder scene. So he was apparently up against a stone wall, especially as a careful check showed all these men to have been at work when the charge was exploded at the culvert. But Steve knew the Slav mind. He felt that the murderers with a stake of nine thousand two hundred dollars to divide among them, would not long remain in this country. That sum is a large fortune in Europe. Most of the Slavs have an ambition to save enough to buy a large farm in their own country and live as



lords. Again he was right. Two of the radicals managed to get themselves fired from the mine and declared their intention of going back to Europe, as Stangman's successors had blacklisted them, which would prevent their getting work as miners any place in Pennsylvania."

"But the mere fact that two men went back to Europe would not prove them murderers," I objected.

"Steve knew that," smiled the priest. "But he traced back the work they had been engaged in at the time of the murder and found that they had been stripping abandoned workings. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Yes," I replied, "it's a dangerous job as I understand it. I believe when coal is first mined in a section a certain amount is left to prevent cave-ins; after the vein has been exhausted in that drift, men are sent in to get out this coal and they are called strippers."

"Your technical knowledge is correct," said Father George. "Add to it the fact that the mine bosses are careful not to employ men they would seriously miss if caught by a cave-in and you already have the character of the two suspected men. Steve investigated the section stripped and found a shaft—an air shaft—with its vent about a mile and a half from the scene of the crime. Investigation of the interior of the airshaft showed strips nailed to the inside acting as a ladder leading to the very working in which the two accused were supposed to have been engaged in stripping at the hour of the crime. The fact that strippers work overtime as much as possible and seldom take advantage of the Saturday half holiday in order to finish their dangerous work as soon as possible, made it an easy matter for the two to climb their shaft, make their way over the mountain, commit the crime and get back to the mine in the same way."

"This would seem to make a complete case," said I, "why didn't Steve have them arrested before they had left the country?"

"Because," replied Father George, "with Slovak thoroughness he knew his case was not entirely complete until he could prove they had the money."

"Would not a search have revealed that?" I asked.

"You don't know the Slavs or you would realize that once they hide money it is never found until they want it to be found," said Father George. "And the failure to prove they had the money might have weakened Steve's case so much as to prevent conviction."

"Well, how did he prove it?" I asked.

"Simply by using his knowledge of his own race. Waited till they had gone back home and settled down. Both bought large farms and married the belles of the villages to which they belonged. You know in Europe belles are not won by the most ardent wooers but by the highest bidder. The girl has little to say—her father settles whom she will marry, and I must say the arrangement seems to work out happily in a majority of cases. Well, to conclude, Steve found the price paid for the farms and the belles proved the sums in each case were far and above the amount that the men could possibly have earned by honest toil in the time they were in the United States. Then he sprung his trap. The poor fellows made no defense but confessed as soon as the extradition papers were served on them."

"Steve must be a wonder," I remarked, inately I fear.

"Not at all. He is the type of the Slavs whom the immigration laws are keeping out of the country. I tell you, holy missionary, we have a lot to learn about our foreign brethren. You and I will live to see the day when the backbone of the Church in this country will be the children of the Slavs and the Italians, at whom we scoff now. That is, if we train them right and make them good Americans and good Catholics. Believe me, I am willing to stay here in Shamokill and do my bit. I don't think I could do a work more pleasing to God. Now you had better go to bed or my Slavs and Poles and Irish and Italians will have no five o'clock Mass tomorrow morning."

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St. John Baptist de Rossi was a parish priest of Rome in the first half of the eighteenth century. As a young student he enrolled as a member of a little society dedicated to Our Blessed Lady. His great love for his Mother made him always most faithful in attendance at the meetings. He received Holy Communion on her Feasts and long after his student days were over maintained an active interest in the affairs of the congregation.

And today how many are enrolled, but how few attend the meetings and conferences!

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"To think nothing of ourselves, and always to judge well and highly of others, is great wisdom and high perfection."—*Imit.*

# Catholic Anecdotes

## A SCIENTIST'S CONFESSION

In an address before the American Astronomical Society, Heber D. Curtis, Director of the Allegheny Observatory, declared emphatically that man's soul must live after death.

Director Curtis told the assembled scientists that it would be strange if man were the only manifestation in the Universe to be annihilated at the end of seventy years, while matter, energy, space and time are continuous.

"This thing, soul, mind, spirit," he said, "cannot well be an exception. In some way, as yet impossible to define, it too must possess continuity. The concept is old, but the conclusion is inevitable.

"What we crudely call 'spirit' of man, makes new compounds, plays with the laws of chemical action, guides the forces of the atom, changes the face of the earth, gives life to new forms: a creative spirit which reasonably cannot cease to be."

And so again, science and Religion are found to be in agreement, not at variance, as little minds love to imagine!

## HIS LAST MASS

There is a story told of a pioneer missionary in Florida who was at the foot of the altar, about to begin the prayers for Mass, when suddenly there rushed in upon him a horde of savage Indians, wildly swinging their tomahawks, eager to bury them in the priest's head.

He pleaded to be allowed to finish the Mass he was beginning before they put him to death. Even in their savagery they yielded this much. While he went on with the Mass, they stood about thirsting for his blood. As soon as he finished, they killed him.

With what sentiments did this holy man say his last Mass?

"Death will throw open to man the gates of another world, and will be the beginning to him of far more solemn and more wonderful action than has been his lot to perform on earth." Faber.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## WRITING THE WORLD'S HISTORY

"Prayer and sanctity are writing the real history of the world. The manufacturer, the banker, the merchant, the statesman, the politician, all claim they are writing the history of the world.

"But some day, when all things are revealed, we shall find that some priest at the altar, some religious in his cell, some nun in her convent seclusion, some poor old grandmother piously telling her beads have done more to shape the final destiny of the world than all the others put together.

"Prayer and personal sanctity are writing the real history of the world."

These are the words of Bishop Chartrand of Indianapolis at the funeral of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Rainer.

They are words well worth pondering. They are not meant to discourage effort in our daily work. They are meant, however, to stress the deeper things that are so often overlooked by the worldly-minded and so often neglected by men in the rush for the prizes of this life.

They are heartening words, too. They assign a big place in life to men and women of real character, in every walk of life, even the humblest.

They are momentous words. Because personal sanctity, if made the goal of every individual's endeavor, would remove many of the evils that now afflict society and the world.

## DON'TS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Many earnest men, especially jurists who have to deal with divorce cases, are concerned about the divorce evil in the United States. They do not hesitate to call it an evil. In their desire to help remove the evil some of these men from time to time, print commandments or counsels for husbands and wives.

While most of these make no reference to the supernatural—to prayer and religious motives, and while all of them are included in the

Ten Commandments and the practice of Christian virtue as enjoined by our faith, some of them contain practical hints that are well worth calling to mind. For often it is little things that gnaw at the marriage bond.

These commandments ought, if put into practice, or even only honestly tried, to bring a great deal of happiness into homes that have been the scene of discontent and disunion.

Here are commandments for husbands by Judge Joseph Burke of the Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago:

"Don't hesitate to admit you are in the wrong. It is a matter of small importance and the reward is great.

"Don't nag.

"Only the very rich can buy good liquor. The other stuff renders you blind, deaf and dumb perhaps forever. Let it alone.

"Make it a rule in your home never to let a day close unhappily. Wipe out the score before you go to sleep.

"Prolonged arguments are horrible. There is no torture like one which lasts for years.

"Indulge liberally in compliments. They raise a wife's spirits, make her a better cook, a finer mother and a more loving companion.

"If your wife had the money for clothes that the other woman spends, she would probably make her look like a dowd, remember that.

"Give your wife a diversion from domestic routine. Take her to a show, often if possible.

"Tell your wife the exact amount of your income. Plan together how to spend it. Be fair about it.

"Lock petty business troubles in your office at night. Talk over big troubles with your wife."

For wives Judge Burke writes the following out of his ten years of experience:

"In an argument it softens the husband to tell him you are wrong, especially when you know you are not.

"Don't nag.

"Don't drink with your husband and then complain that he drinks too much. It never fills a man with admiration to see a woman drink.

"Don't go to sleep at night with an aching heart—ask forgiveness. Women do that much easier than men.

"Arguments are distasteful and destructive. Men have too many of them at work to enjoy them when at home.

"If your husband has money, insist on dressing well. If he hasn't, don't make life miserable for him scolding about it.

"Don't refuse to go out with your husband. It is your duty to improve your disposition by relief from drudgery now and then.

"Don't waste money. Have a budget system in your home.

"Don't bother your husband with petty household annoyances at night.

"Tell him he is the world's greatest husband, and he will be."

And if the husband and wife take their prayers and their religious duties seriously, they will find strong motives and powerful aids to keep these commandments.

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### RESPONSIBILITIES

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"How do you feel when you realize you are a champion?" Gene Tunney was asked by an interviewer for *The Ounce*.

The answer did not come quickly. He was not displaying caution. He did take the question seriously.

"I feel a grave responsibility," he said at length.

"The responsibility of holding the title?" asked the interviewer.

"Not at all. The responsibility of setting a good example. You realize your own responsibilities, don't you? When you write an article you know you will influence or fail to influence your readers. You want to be fair. You must be, or you are unworthy. I'll grant that you do reach a great many people in the course of a year's work. I reach a far greater number every day." This was not said in a boasting way.

"That is what I mean," he went on, "when I say I feel a grave responsibility. Why there are hundreds and thousands of kids who think Gene Tunney is the greatest man in the world. I am not that—I know it—but I've got to do my best to live up to the expectations of that army of youngsters. A boy reasons that if a grownup can do certain things, so can he. He imitates."

These words have a manly ring, and certainly speak well for Gene Tunney, much better even than his fistic prowess.

You, Everyman, are a champion in somebody's eyes. Boys and girls, and perhaps the weaker characters among your companions, look to your example. You, too, have a responsibility. You call yourself Christian, Catholic. Remember "the kids" who imitate.

### ARMOR-PLATED BOYS

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The other day I ran across this sketch in one of our Catholic weeklies. It is interesting and instructive.

Our boys are always interested in ships. The warship is an object of awe-inspiring admiration to the young strength-worshipper. The magazines, the turrets, the armor plates, all the various parts of the huge fighting machine seem to say: "We are built for resistance."

There are many enemies of the mighty battleship. First, there is the temporary foe with whom the nation is warring. Water, the element of the ship, is waiting only a chance to penetrate the hull, to rust the armament, to overwhelm the crew. Fire is an ever-present danger. A spark in the powder magazine and the gallant ship is but a mass of charred wood and twisted steel—a shameless tomb for its hundreds of men.

So the great ship must be built to resist fire from within and without; it must be waterproof and weatherproof; its armor must be absolutely protective. Indeed the idea of the battleship might be summed up in two words: Protective resistance.

Now that's precisely what a boy requires for himself. As a far-seeing educator said long ago:

"It is important nowadays that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on:

"His lips—against the first taste of liquor.

"His ears—against impure words.

"His hands—against wrongdoing.

"His heart—against irreverence and doubt.

"His feet—against going with bad company.

"His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

"His pocket—against dishonest money.

"His tongue—against evil speaking.

"The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor-plate on her ships."

Are our boys strengthening their armor for protective resistance? Isn't there a tiny weak spot somewhere, a rusty bad habit, a loose rivet of irresolution, some trivial defect that may open the soul to an enemy more powerful than all the armaments of earth?

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"Depend not upon thyself, but place thy hope in God."—*Imit.*



# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help

### TROUBLES

St. Rose of Lima is, so far, the only canonized American-born Saint in the Calendar. Her life is one of those gems in the hum-drum of ordinary events which are, indeed, few and far between. Every act of hers was just ordinary, to all appearances. But in these same acts are also found heroism of the finest type.

She was one of many children, and the oldest. And it was but natural that her parents would look to her for help in supporting the younger children. Neither was she found wanting in this duty. However, in spite of doing much, she seemed never to be doing enough to satisfy her mother. Naturally, this was the cause of much trouble for the child of grace. She was always inclined to works of piety. In her childhood days her mother had even fostered these inclinations. Now, that she was older and realized better than in her childhood the importance of things spiritual in our lives, she gave vent to her piety in little things. A bit of lace for the altar, or a cloth for the little table that stands aside every altar, or a purificator would engage her hands and her mind while she was supposed to be resting from work. Her prayers were not neglected either. She belonged to the Third Order of St. Dominic. That meant more prayers than ordinary people say. It led her to make a little altar in her very room. This altar was decorated most beautifully and before it she often knelt in prayer to her "dear heavenly Mother."

Do what she might, bring in as much money as she could, nothing ever seemed to be just enough. They wanted her to marry some wealthy man—expecting that the dowry which she would thus obtain would be of greater use to the other children than any earnings from manual labor. Rose was not inclined to take an earthly spouse since she "had tasted and seen that the Lord was sweet." She was called disobedient, disrespectful, and a host of other names. Undaunted by all of this uncomplimentary address from her parents as well as from

her younger sisters, she kept the even tenor of her saintly life and never left her temper get the better of her.

Such persecutions, in our day, lead to many consequences which are, for the most part, regretted by both parties later on. Not so in her case. All the influence these annoyances had on her amounted to but one thing: they increased her piety and her devotion to Our Blessed Lady. When the storm-clouds were upon her thickest, when the cross weighed heaviest, her only response was to say her Rosary more frequently and more devoutly. Nor did Mary fail to hear. From day to day, almost visibly, Rose increased in sweetness of temper and disposition; from day to day, she worked harder as she prayed more; from day to day, her love for her God and "her heavenly Mother" grew stronger as she grew in virtue and holiness; all the fruit of her devotion to that Blessed Mother whom she loved to contemplate as "working in the humble house of Nazareth," as "praying in her little room" before the Angel came to tell her the tidings of the greatest joy to mankind; as "devoted to the cause of her Divine Son" through those years of His public life. No wonder then that she was a saint! The meditation on Mary's virtues could have no other effect!

Do we expect wonders of conversion in our own life? Devotion, true devotion that spells imitation, will produce them in us. Following the advice of St. Bernard: let us invoke Mary, our guiding star, at all times, but especially in times of distress, and we shall be surely heard; we shall surely acquire greater virtue.

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### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I wish to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for two spiritual favors received through her intercession. I promised publication in the Liguorian."—Chi.

"Many thanks, through your pages, to the Mother of Perpetual Succour. With her protection and prayer I came safely through a dangerous confinement."

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"There is no hope of peace of conscience, nor hope of a future reward but in doing all for God, and in opposition to thyself."—*Imit.*

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"Who has a stronger conflict than he who strives to overcome himself?"—*Imit.*

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## Catholic Events

The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has invited all Christians to a World Conference of Faith and Order. While Anglo-Catholics and certain Protestant denominations are voicing sharp criticism of the plan, authorities in Rome view it with pleasure as a manifestation of a desire for unity.

In connection with such efforts, the Holy Father, in an address to students of Italian Universities, said:

"Those who left the true Church,—groups more or less important as fragments of Christianity,—conserved something more or less of the doctrine of Christ. This is true, even though these separations are like the detaching of blocks from the Alpine heights: there remains something of the maternal rock.

"For reunion it is necessary to know and love one another. We must know one another, because failure of re-union work is often due, in great part, to lack of mutual acquaintance between the two parties.

"If there are prejudices on both sides, then it is necessary that these prejudices cease. Errors and misunderstandings which persist and are repeated against the Catholic Church among our separated brethren of the Orient, seem incredible. But Catholics also sometimes lack a just appreciation of their separated brethren; they sometimes lack fraternal love because they lack acquaintance with these groups.

"One does not know all that there is to the preciousness of good, of Christianity, in these fragments of ancient Catholic truth. Masses detached from gold-bearing rock, are also gold-bearing. Venerable Oriental Christianity conserves a veneration for holy things which merits not only all respect but also all sympathy."

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As regards the move of the Episcopal Church of the United States to inaugurate a World Conference at Lausanne, the Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican, after a long commentary, concludes:

"The promoters of the present conference ask for prayers to the end that 'God may favor the effort in behalf of Christian unity and prepare minds and hearts for reconciliation'. They and all our brethren who wander in error may rest assured that among all these prayers, those of Rome will be and are the sincerest, the warmest and most confident. Bending low before her ancient altars, she says: 'We pray Thee, O Lord, that Thou wilt hear us, to the end that Thou wilt deign to call back all those who err, to the unity of the Church.'"

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According to a report of the N. C. W. C., revolution is sweeping all Mexico until a state of anarchy exists. The government admits that large-scale fighting is going on in six States; revolutionaries are known

to be operating in half a score more. Many have been killed. All law and sanctions have been cast aside by Calles in frenzied attempts to stem the opposition facing him. Captives are ruthlessly slaughtered, arrests are made wholesale and on no charges. In their campaign of terrorism the Federals have hanged 22 men to trees within the Federal district itself and left the bodies dangling to awe the populace. In some instances the tongues were torn from the mouths of those accused of rebellion, before they were killed.

Calles, of course, accuses the Catholic Bishops and clergy of instigating these revolutions and even started a press report that Bishop Jimenez was at the head of an armed band. Archbishop Ruiz publicly and emphatically denied all these charges and challenged Calles to give the Bishops a hearing on them.

It must be remembered that most Mexican are Catholics; it is easy therefore for Calles to call everyone who opposes him "a Catholic rebel." But the Church is not behind any of these revolutions; the Bishops have publicly warned their people against any acts of violence.

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Senator Tom Heflin of Alabama, in the course of a senate speech dealing with many things, tried to wave the red flag of bigotry again, by asserting that he "saw signs" that Catholics are trying to rush President Coolidge into a war with Mexico and that the \$1,000,000 the Knights of Columbus have decided to raise to fight communism is really "to help carry on a propaganda to bring about war with Mexico."

After listening to the senator from Alabama, the senate proceeded with the business which was before it, without mentioning or referring to the senator's heated remarks. Our aims are sufficiently clear for anyone to read in the Pastoral on the Mexican situation issued by our Bishops recently. They said:

"What, therefore, we have written, is no call on the faithful here or elsewhere to purely human action. It is no interposition of our influence either as bishops or as citizens to reach those who possess political power anywhere on earth, and least of all in our own country, to the end that they should intervene with armed force in the internal affairs of Mexico for the protection of the Church."

In view of this official declaration of the Church, some were inclined to the opinion that Heflin's charge was too ridiculous to be answered.

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The Holy Father, speaking to a group of Mexican Bishops and missionaries whom he received in audience, said:

"The Church in Mexico will soon celebrate triumph. In the meantime, fear not. Pray, suffer, wait. I am profoundly touched and satisfied to see you around me, because my heart, like yours, flies in these moments to Mexico, that great country now made greater than ever because it gives to the world an admirable and heroic example."

\* \* \*

Some time ago we had to chronicle a government persecution of the Church in Guatemala, near neighbor of Mexico, in Central America. The persecution here was perhaps even more furious than that in

Mexico today. The then President, General Orellana, issued a series of most drastic laws against Catholic priest, services and publications. The new President, Senor L. Chacon, has removed all restrictions and proscriptions against religion.

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At a round table discussion held by the Episcopal pastors of Chicago recently, a system of parochial schools and a convent to train teachers was advocated, thus showing the wisdom of the Catholic Church's practice. The Rev. F. L. Gratiot said:

"The divorce of state and church has many advantages, but one of the disadvantages is the danger of divorcing religion and life. The attack by the Ku Klux Klan upon the parochial school, and the action by soviet Russia in forbidding all religious education before the child reaches the age of 18, shows they have rightly diagnosed one of the chief strongholds of religion, a stronghold which our church has been slow to appreciate."

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A new religious congregation called "The Pious Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel," established in Cincinnati in 1924, has held its first investiture of novices. The new congregation, which now numbers eleven novices, will be devoted to the welfare of the deaf. At present their activities are restricted to domestic work and teaching in St. Rita's School, which is a non-sectarian institute for the deaf and hard of hearing. Later their work will include all kinds of social service on behalf of the deaf and their families. Most of the novices in the new congregation are afflicted with deafness, but membership will be open to all young women of the Catholic faith who wish to devote their life to the education and salvation of those who are not endowed with the gift of hearing.

The uniform with which the new novices were invested is gray, with a veil of white and a cincture of black leather. It resembles the customary uniform of professional nurses. Outside of their own religious houses the members will not be known as Sisters, but by their family names.

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The Free Thinkers Society of New York brought suit recently against the state commissioner of education to prevent the religious instruction of public school children for half an hour on one day a week during school time at some place designated by the parents. They declared the practice to be a violation of the constitution tending to a union of church and state. The Appellate Court decided against the Free Thinkers Society.

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The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Rainer, rector emeritus of St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis., died at the seminary on January 12. Msgr. Rainer was born Feb. 10, 1845. He was Vicar general emeritus et honoris causa of the Milwaukee Archdiocese. He had held the office of rector of the seminary for about sixty years and had turned out about 1900 priests.

## Some Good Books

*The Girl from Mine Run.* By Will W. Whalen. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.00 net.

The lights and shadows, the joys and sorrows of the Anthracite Mine Regions are here sympathetically portrayed by one who evidently knows them thoroughly, even intimately. Frances Mulholland is the heroine of the story. Her warm, pure, noble soul infuses light and warmth into every chapter, for it is she that brings alleviation to the sick, help to the unfortunate, joy to sad hearts, and who unflinchingly pursues the office of guardian angel for an erring sister. The very stanchness of her Catholicity, however, makes us wonder at her ready acquiescence in the closing pages of the story. But perhaps the answer will be given in "Strike," which is promised as a sequel.

*Lowest Thou Me?* By Rev. Thomas O'Keefe. Published by Frederick Pustet Co. Price, \$0.50.

A series of examples of Affections for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Way, translated from the Latin of the Seventeenth century. These short affections are well adapted to advance earnest souls in the life of close union with God.

*New Life.* By Rev. J. Hennrich, O.M.Cap. Published by Third Order Bureau, 1740 Mt. Elliot Ave., Detroit, Mich. 15 cents; \$10.00 per 100.

This pamphlet of some fifty pages is subtitled: A word to Priests, Parents, and Educators about the Seraphic Tertiary Movement. It explains that movement as aimed to train our young people to sturdy Christian manhood and womanhood in the Spirit of St. Francis of Assisi.

*Society of Missionaries of the Sacred Heart.* Published by the Sacred Heart Monastery, 227 S. Lake St., Aurora, Ill.

This book furnishes a historical sketch of the above named Society as also of the congregation of nuns known as the Mission Workers of the Sacred Heart.

*His Father's Way.* By Rev. C. F. Donovan. Published by Joseph H. Meier, 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Price, \$2.00.

Here is another excellent novel from the pen of the Managing Editor of "The New World," Chicago. Like its predecessor, "The Left Hand," which evoked unstinted praise from the reviewers, the scene of this story is laid in the city of Chicago and vicinity. Around its hero, James Stuart, the author has woven an absorbing tale that carries the reader into the life of a reporter of a modern big-city newspaper, transports him to the Northern Rockies, brings him back to the neighborhood of Chicago, and all the while charms him with the stirring scenes in which the hero moves while intent upon doing things "his father's way."

*The Leper.* By Rev. H. B. Sandkuehler, C.Ss.R. Published by the Redemptorist Fathers, 1225 East Eager Street, Baltimore, Maryland (to whom application for amateur or professional acting rights are to be made).

This is a Scriptural Play of the Time of Our Saviour's Passion. The plot of the narrative begins a few months previous to the Passion; leads us through the stirring scenes of Palm Sunday; while its culmination is intertwined with the scene of the Scourging. The Epilogue is enacted at the foot of the Cross. However, Our Lord Himself does not appear on the stage.

Thrilling vigor and forceful action are happily blended with masculine loyalty and the lovely tenderness of a child. This is accentuated by contrast with the serpent's trail of shocking villainy, pride, envy, heartless cruelty,—even crushed it still persists in blasphemy.

This play, with its spirit so thoroughly saturated with faith in Christ and devotion to His Bitter Passion, is admirably suited for presentation during the Holy Season of Lent.

# Lucid Intervals

"A married couple were having a row. 'Ach,' sighed the old woman, 'I vish I vas in heaven, so I do.' 'And I' said the old man, 'I vish I vas in a beer garden.'"

"'Ach, ja,' said she, 'always you try to pick out the best for yourself.'"

Boulange (pouring watery milk in coffee)—"Pierre, where you get this milk?"

Pierre—"These milk she come from my cow."

Boulange—"Well, you had better get one tarpaulin for these cow. She leaks."

"Children," said a teacher, "be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes, ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."

Five-Year-Old Daughter—"Look at that funny man across the road."

Mother (looking in shop window)—"What is he doing?"

"Sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin."

Mother—"Quit pullin' that cat's tail!"

Small Boy—"I ain't pullin'—the cat's pullin'."

Young Hilton made a bet that he would pop the question to the haughty Miss De Vere and get "Yes" as his answer.

He won his bet.

"And when is the wedding to be?" asked the loser.

"Oh," said Hilton, "there isn't going to be a wedding. The question I put to Miss De Vere was: 'Would you rather remain single than accept me?'"

Little Boy (in bathtub): Whee! Papadilly, I'm a canoe!

Papadilly: Great! One more splash like that and I'll paddle you.

Judge—"This man says that after he fired a shot he saw you run from his chicken coop."

Rastus Johnson—"He could easily be mistaken, jedge. Fast as Ah was runnin', it cud have ben someone what faintly resembles me."

Captain—What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?

Corporal—Don't bite the insects.

The contractor took a friend to see a row of houses he had just erected. The friend took up his position in one house while the builder went next door.

"Can you hear me, Bill?" he remarked through the dividing wall.

"Yes," was the answering whisper.

"Can you see me?"

"No," was the reply.

"There's walls for you," replied the proud contractor.

A man going to register for election was asked his trade. "Mason and builder," he said.

The next man in line had the same question put to him. "Knight o' Columbus and bricklayer," he answered.

Guest at Shelby Hotel (phoning down from his room): "Night Clerk?"

Snippy Clerk: "Well, what's biting you?"

Guest: "That's what I want to know."

Two girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they should wear to the coming party. In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked: "What line do you think you are on, anyhow?" "Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but, judging from what I have heard, I should say I was on the clothesline."



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$2,086.76; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$3,837.03; Burse of St. Joseph, \$643.00; Burse of St. Francis, Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,947.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$188.25; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$924.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$3,750.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$40.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$400; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$1,800.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$877.75; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$600.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$483.79; Mary Gockel Burse, \$2.00.

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